MARVEL® COMICS

ROBOCOP™

THE FUTURE OF LAW ENFORCEMENT

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50 YEARS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA 1941 – 1991

CHILL OR BE CHILLED

Like, ever been board to death, dude? Well here's a chilling fact. Ultra's® Ski or Die™ for Nintendo® puts you and five buddies in the middle of a gnarly, yet nasty snow sport spectacular where it's survival of the fastest. And the raddest. And the baddest.

Weave your way through a log-jammed chute in the Snowboard Half Pipe. Jump and jive in the Acro Aerials. Test your slope slicing skill when you do the Downhill Blitz. Play a frosty version of dodgeball called the Snowball Blast. And join a rubberized race of nerves in the Inner Tube Thrash. But beware! This Winter Wonderland is crawlin' with unnatural hazards like punk penguins, chain saw toting rabbits and bodacious polar bears.

If you're not iced by Iglooheads or lowlife Lester, try blinding the judges with your brilliant backflips, ollies, hand plants and daffies. Hot-dog it in competition or polish your act in practice. Just try to stay alive through the wild tubular warfare. Or your snowboard career will be frozen in time.

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PART MAN. PART MACHINE. ALL COP. MURDERED RUTHLESSLY, DETROIT POLICE OFFICER ALEX MURPHY IS RESURRECTED AND TRANSFORMED INTO A 24-HOUR-A-DAY CYBORG ROBOCOP. STAN LEE PRESENTS . . .

PURGATORY!

WRITER - SIMON FURMAN · PENCILER - LEE SULLIVAN
INKER - HARRY CANDELARIO · COLORIST - GREGORY WRIGHT · LETTERER - KENNY LOPEZ
EDITOR - BOBBIE CHASE · EDITOR IN CHIEF - TOM DEFALCO

A CRIME HAS BEEN COMMITTED.

THE PERPETRATORS ARE ESCAPING.

I AM ROBOCOP-- OCP LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER. I MUST STOP THEM. I MUST--

--I MUST--

--DO NOTHING.

PLEASE... DO NOT BE AFRAID...

DIRECTIVE 2--

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PROTECT THE INNOCENT.

I AM HERE TO... HELP

TAKE MY HAND.

NUH-NO! SME-- STAY AWAY!

BP RP

LOOK, JUST STOP--

BP BP BP BP

NN. I AM SORRY. BUT YOU ARE IN TERRIBLE DANGER. YOU MUST... TRUST ME.

BP BP BP BP

STOP GAWKING, CREEPS-- AND MOVE!

NOW!

GHOULS! SO KEEN TO SEE A BIT OF BLOOD THEY DON'T REALIZE THEY'RE IN DANGER THEMSELVES!

DAD. TALKING. "MONSTER... SOULLESS MONSTER." TALKING. WITH MOM. "METAL MENACE." TALKING... ABOUT ROBOCOP!

BPBPBPBPBPBPBPBPBP

WHAT HE SEES... IS A MAN.

CARING...

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEEEEEE

KKOOM

MURPHY?

MURPH--

WE ARE ...UNHARMED. THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONCERN, OFFICER LEWIS.

YOU--YOU... SAVED ME!

THANKYOUTHANKYOU!

I... UH--

OCP P

YOU ARE PROBABLY CONCUSSED. AN AMBULANCE IS ON ITS WAY.

YEAH, RIGHT! WAY TO GO, PARTNER!

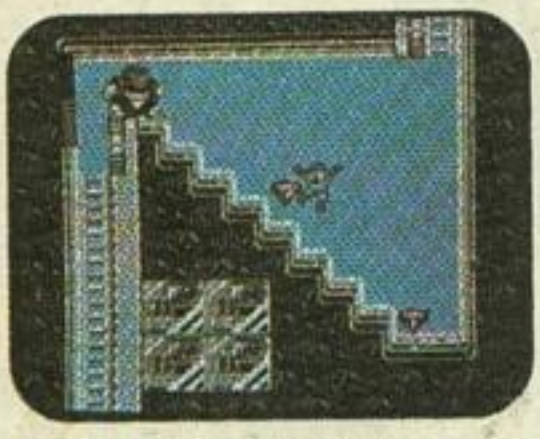
THEY--THEY TOOK MY DAD!

BUT YOU'LL GET HIM BACK, WON'T YOU?

OCP-POLICE-007

MegaMan® 3. Anything else you need to know?

You'll slide through secret tunnels to avoid bulldozing robots.



It's hard to top TopMan's dangerous spins.

SnakeMan, HardMan, GeminiMan, MagnetMan, NeedleMan, ShadowMan, SparkMan and TopMan. They're the eight new robotmasters in MegaMan 3. Defeat them all and you'll still have Dr. Wily to deal with. And possibly even a few of your old enemies from 1 and 2. Okay, now the only question that remains is how fast you can get to the store and get 3.

CAPCOM USA

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THE BOY

REMINDS HIM OF HIS SON.

NO. NOT HIS SON. MURPHY'S SON. WHEN THEY TOOK HIS MIND, HIS BODY--TURNED HIM INTO ROBOCOP, THEY TOOK HIS PAST, HIS FAMILY!

ALEX MURPHY IS DEAD.

MURPHY...?

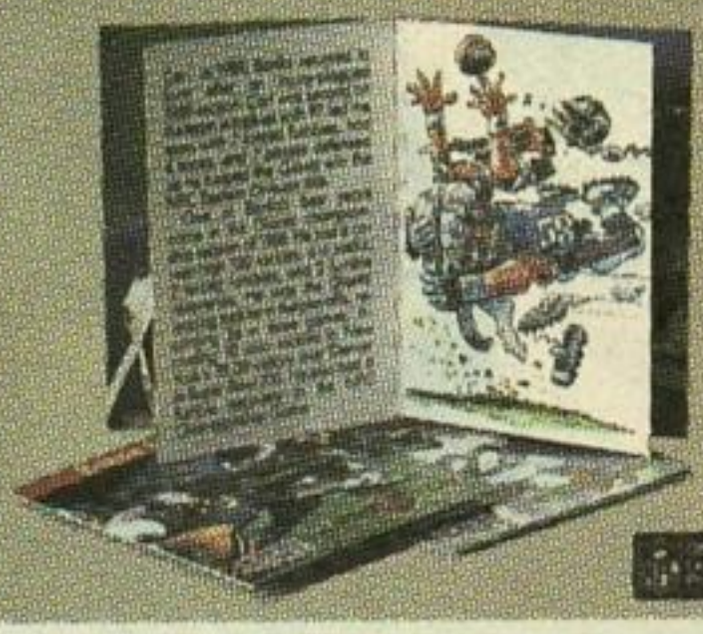
A CRIME HAS BEEN COMMITTED.

THE PERPETRATORS MUST BE FOUND AND PUNISHED.

THAT'S RIGHT, KID. SOMETIMES STREET SNATCHES COME BACK MINUS A KIDNEY OR A LUNG. SOMETIMES THEY DON'T COME BACK AT ALL!

WHAT DO YOU RECKON YOUR DAD'S CHANCES ARE?

To know these guys any better, you'd have to make the team.



New NFL Pro Set Collect-A-Books are 8 pages of pictures, stats, and personal information about your favorite NFL players. Getting to know the NFL has never been this painless.

Collect-A-Books

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THIS WAS THE SCENE IN OLD DETROIT TODAY--THIRTY-FIVE YEAR OLD *TOD HOLT* ATTACKED AND KIDNAPPED AS HE LEFT HIS CAR, HIS WIFE, ANNE, LEFT UNCONSCIOUS IN A POOL OF HER OWN BLOOD.

POLICE BELIEVE HE WAS THE VICTIM OF *BLACK MARKET* ORGAN DEALERS, ONE OF MANY HEALTHY CITIZENS TAKEN BY FORCE, DRUGGED AND *OPERATED ON.*

THIS IS *BART WELBY* FOR *MEDIA BREAK* RETURNING YOU TO *RONALD TOLER* IN THE STUDIO.

THANKS, BART. *LIKE THE EYE!*

HELEN?

WITH STREET CRIME FIGURES UP *AGAIN* THIS MONTH, PRESSURE IS INCREASING ON *OMNI CONSUMER PRODUCTS*, OWNERS OF THE POLICE FORCE, TO GET *MORE* ROBOCOPS ON THE STREETS.

OCP

MORE AFTER THIS...

TIRED OF *MISSING* YOUR FAVORITE SHOWS? WIFE NOT *LETTING* YOU WATCH THE GAME? YOUR PROBLEMS ARE OVER WITH *IMPLANT T.V.!*

SURGICALLY GRAFTED TO YOUR BRAIN, IMPLANT T.V. LET'S YOU WATCH THE TUBE...

...WHEREVER YOU ARE!

Over 18,000 years ago many of the men in China dedicated their life to the study of philosophy. And then applied it to a war to end all wars.

The country was plagued by a bandit hoarde known as the Yellow Scarves. Who amassed a power no one had yet to conquer. Fact is, no one could assemble a force strong enough to destroy them.

In Destiny of an Emperor, your challenge is to change the course of history forever. For the good of China. And the world.

This full scale, role playing adventure game for the Nintendo System will put you deep in the throes of that war.

The action is as real as it gets thanks to the discovery of authentic documents detailing the era.

Characteristics of 180 warlords have been simulated based on the renowned text of Sanquozhi Yanyi.

Even 20th century strategists are destined to spend hours, even days on each game. And when you take a break to philosophize on your next action (if you can pull yourself away) you can actually save up to three histories exactly where you've left off.

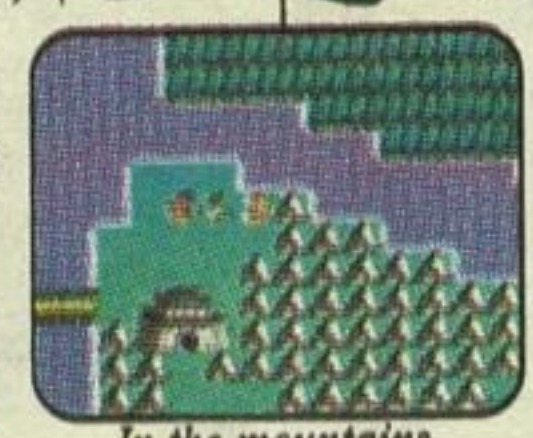
Conquering this game will take you centuries.

You can put yourself in the place of Liu Bei, dedicated to raising an army for the restoration of the dynasty. Or Guan Yu, an exceptionally skilled warrior, match for a thousand soldiers and worshipped as a god.

But no matter who you are, it will be hard to win the war against Zhang Jao, the deadly leader of the Yellow Scarve rebels and founder of the Tai Ping sect. Not to mention the most feared Chinese warlord of all, Lu Bu, destined to be a traitor because of his great strength and courage.

You'll use every strategic cell in your brain to fulfill your constant requirements for weapons, food and manpower. You'll give important commands that could mean your life, and the life of your armies. And in true Chinese tradition, you'll engage in battle again and again to defend your honor. An honor certified by an oath signed in blood.

When all is said and done, there will be room for only one Emperor. Whether or not that will be you is your destiny alone.



In the mountains, rebels await behind every tree.

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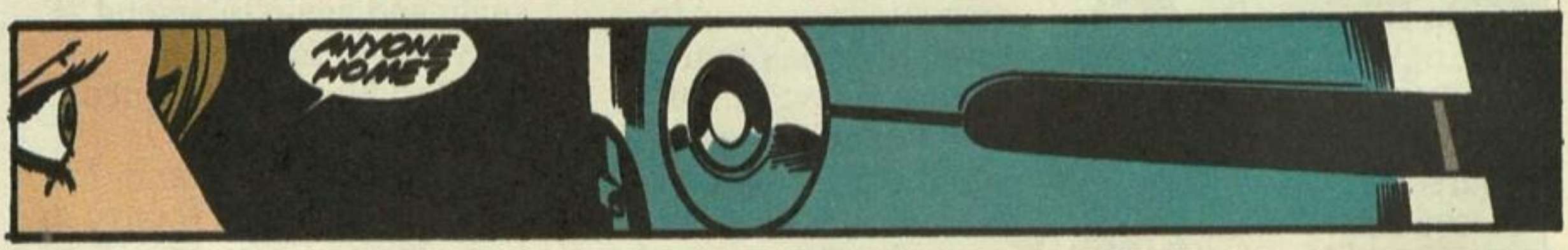
SO HOW EXACTLY ARE WE GOING TO FIND HOLT IF PERP'S GOT CLEAN AWAY?
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO WE'RE LOOKING FOR, LET ALONE WHERE THEY ARE!
KAYSER AUTOS
DETROIT POLICE
ROBO 6

HELLO? GROUND CONTROL TO MURPHY?


ANYONE HOME?

FILE 934598. PLAYBACK RUNNING...
REPLAY

REPLAY 934598
UNDER ARREST. THIS IS YOUR FIRST AND ONLY WARNING.
SHOOT! IT'S THE METAL COP!
DON' WORRY. HEY, TIN MAN...

YOU KNOW WHAT *THIS* IS? YES, I SEE YOU *DO*

THEN YOU ALSO KNOW I HAVE SIMPLY TO LIFT MY FINGER FROM THIS DETONATOR AND IT IS *ACTIVATED.*

YOU HAVE A CHOICE. *US* OR *THE KID.*

HA! ADIOS, AMIGO!

SLAM AUDIO

COME OUT-- *QUICKLY!*

=UHN= =UHN= LEAVE--*LEAVE* ME ALONE!

CALL IT, MURPHY!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, LEWIS.

EVEN IF IT *IS* A CLEAN KILL HIS GRIP WILL SLACKEN AND SET OFF THE *GRAB-FRAG.* WE MUST--

NO! IT HAS BEEN ACTIVATED. UNSPECIFIED DETONATION TIME!

SNIK

SNIK

SUCH CALLOUS DISREGARD FOR HUMAN LIFE...

...MUST NOT GO UNPUNISHED!

LOOK AT HIM! SOMETIMES I WONDER JUST *HOW MUCH* OF MURPHY SURVIVED THE OPERATION! I WANT THE SLIMES CAUGHT AS BAD AS HE DOES...

...BUT HOW *FAR* DOES HE INTEND GOING? ROBOCOP WAS CREATED TO *UPHOLD* THE LAW, AND IT'S THE LAW THAT *RESTRAINS* HIM, KEEPS HIM IN CHECK!

WHAT IF HE GOES BEYOND THE LAW, GOES OUT OF CONTROL?

"WE SAW WHAT HAPPENED WITH KANE*, AND IT WASN'T NICE! OKAY, HE WAS INSANE, A PSYCHOTIC CRIMINAL, BUT HOW MUCH WOULD IT TAKE..."

* IN ROBOCOP 2: THE MOVIE

...TO TURN SUPER-LAWMAN INTO SUPER-VIGILANTE?

HIS ONLY CHANCE FOR SURVIVAL IS
THE LEGACY THAT DIED WITH HIS FATHER

SHANG-CHI,
MASTER OF KUNG FU™

BLEEDING BLACK

AN 80 PAGE ONE-SHOT

written by Doug Moench with art by David & Dan Day

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RELAX, MURPHY-- WE'LL GET THEM.

YES. WE WILL GET THEM.

LATER...

YOU WANTED TO KNOW IF ANYONE CAME DIGGING IN THE FILES OF CERTAIN KNOWN FELONS, RIGHT?

THAT'S CORRECT.

METRO WEST RECORDS AUTHORIZED PERSONS ONLY

WELL WE JUST HAD ROBOCOP *HIMSELF* IN HERE, AN' HE PHOTO-ACCESSED "TUSKS" ALLEN'S RAP SHEET.

LOOK, I'M IN *WAY* OVER MY HEAD HERE! IF HE FINDS--

RELAX, HURNER, *RELAX.*

CARL "TUSKS" ALLEN...

"...IS BEYOND EVEN ROBOCOP'S REACH!"

WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

I CAN FIND NO REFERENCE TO IT IN ANY OF MY FILES.

PURGATORY

JONK

WANTED MULTIS JEWELS

PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY

COP-FREE ZONE

ENTER AND KISS IT GOODBYE

STRAIGHT TO HELL

NOT SURPRISING, OFFICIALLY THIS BIT OF OLD DETROIT DOESN'T EXIST!

PURGATORY'S ONE OF THE TOUGHEST SLUMS IN OLD DETROIT, SO RIDDLED WITH CRIME IT'S JUST CORDONED OFF!

DETROIT POLICE

ROBO 6

Have a Monster of a Good Time..

Enter the DUNGEON!® game.

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AS FAR AS *MAGE-CONSCIOUS* OCP ARE CONCERNED, IT'S AN *EMBARRASSMENT* THEY DON'T OWN UP TO!

TUCKS' RECORD NAMED A BAR WITHIN THIS SECTOR THAT HE CONDUCTS HIS BUSINESS OUT OF!

IF HE IS WITHIN, THAT IS WHERE I AM GOING.

SHNK

MURPHY, YOU *DON'T UNDERSTAND!* PURGATORY HAS BEEN PLACED *OUT OF BOUNDS* TO COPS--BY OCP!

OCP-POLICE

TAKE A STEP INSIDE AND YOU'RE CONTRAVENING YOUR OCP PROGRAMMING!

PROGRAMMING...

DON'T THINK OF YOURSELF AS A COP--YOU'RE OCP, YOU'RE *PRODUCT!*

OCP POLICE 001

OCP P

YOU'LL GET HIM BACK, WON'T YOU?

HA! ADIOS, AMIGO!

I AM--

A COP!

I MUST SHOW THE LAW-BREAKERS THERE IS NO PLACE IN OLD DETROIT THEY CAN FEEL SAFE...

NO PLACE THEY ARE BEYOND THE LAW!

I...CAN'T COME WITH YOU, MURPHY. IT'D BE SUICIDE.

I UNDERSTAND.

HEY, PARTNER--DO ME A FAVOR IN THERE, HUH? REMEMBER WHAT YOU JUST SAID...

REMEMBER YOU'RE A COP?

EVERWHERE A CRIME IS BEING COMMITTED.

IF I STOP TO DEAL WITH EACH ONE I MAY BE TOO LATE TO SAVE THE BOYS FATHER

OVIS

I MUST BE...

GEEKS GO WILD

...SELECTIVE!

LOOK AT THEM. DEALING FILTH IN THE OPEN WITHOUT A CARE. I WILL TEACH THEM TO BE SCARED AGAIN

SOON.

GRID CHECK. BAR DESIGNATED "THE SIN BIN" AT JUNCTION OF HILL AND NORTH BOULEVARD. FOUR HUNDRED YARDS NORTH, TWO HUNDRED EAST.

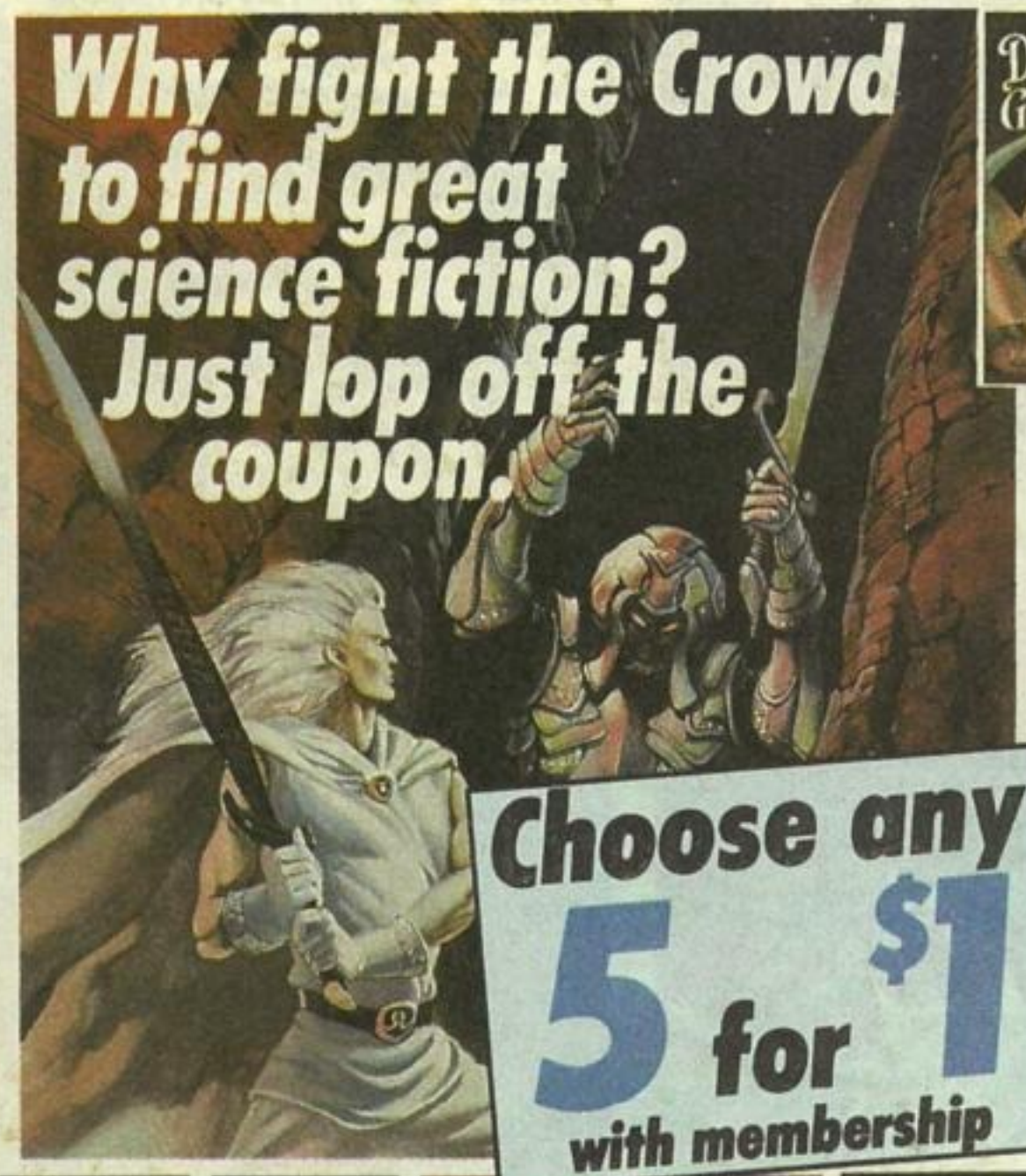
D-LITE

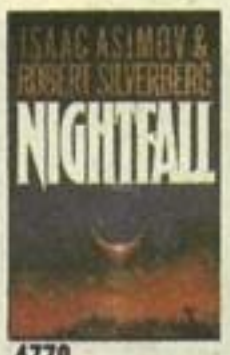
CRUMP

BOREDOM'S OVER, CREW--

--THE ENTERTAINMENT JUST ARRIVED!

I'LL BUY THAT FOR A DOLLAR!





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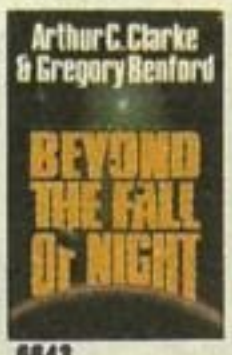

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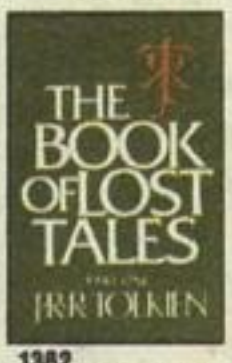

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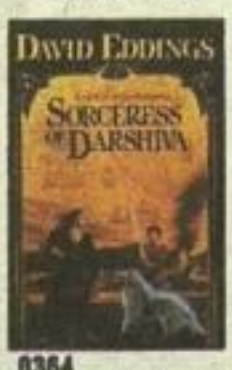

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MCG 2/91

SENSOR ALERT.

PTIW

PTIW

PTIW

UNKNOWN ASSAILANT. WEAPON: MODIFIED SCHENKER MACHINE PISTOL FIRING MERCURY TIPPED SLUGS. CALCULATING ELEVATION.

SAFE AMONGST MY OWN KIND! BUT NO, EVEN HERE YOU PERSECUTE ME, HOUND ME!

I'LL--

HOME TAPING IS ILLEGAL

JAMMED! USELESS COMMIE PIECE OF--

TARGETING.

FIRE.

DATA CHECK: IDENTISCAN-- KNOWN FELONS.

RUN.

FACE MATCH NEGATIVE.

A CRAZY THEN--

UNNH!

OCP POLICE 001

BDM

BDM

BDM

THIS IS GETTING TO BE A HABIT.

WELL THAT'S THE *TROUBLE* WITH THIS PLACE. WHEN THERE ARE NO COPS, CRIME LOSES ITS *ATTRACTION*. IT'S JUST NOT *FUN* ANYMORE.

YOU SEE, YOU'VE *MADE OUR DAY*, AND I GUESS EVERYONE--

--JUST'S WANTS TO SHOW THEIR *APPRECIATION!*

GHUUU!

NEARBY...

SWAMP BAR

Drinks Girls 'n' Sheep!

YOU *HEAR* THAT, TUSKS? SOUNDED LIKE *GUNFIRE!*

SO? THAT'S LIKE GOING TO A ZOO--

--AND SAYING YOU HEAR *ANIMALS!*

SYSTEMS DAMAGE. ARMOR STRESS LIMITS EXCEEDED. WARNING. WARNING.

JUST A COP NOW. NO DCA TO PUT ME BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.

JUST A COP, LIKE ANY OTHER, RISKING HIS LIFE ON THE STREETS.

BEEN A GAS, COP, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY--

GOOD.

ALL GOOD THINGS--

FRAKOOM

HISTORY?

MUST BE--

MARVEL COMICS BULLPEN BULLETINS MARVEL COMICS

STAN'S SOAPBOX

Hi, Heroes! Even though Christmas is behind us, big-hearted Marvel still has plenty of goodies in store for you! And here's where your old faithful Soapbox Santa clues you in to two new titles going on sale right now!

You've seen the ads! You've heard the name uttered in whispers! But now it's time to meet the newest, most exotically exciting superstar in the mightly Marvel firmament—the only super hero based on a real-life, flesh-and-blood human being— dazzling, dangerous, deadly—a smoldering, sizzling stick of human dynamite—the one and only NIGHT CAT!

Of course, the cat's manager, Dapper Don Kessler, and I have a somewhat selfish motive for pushing Night Cat's first issue since sneaky artist Denys Cowan actually drew us in as part of the story. Yours truly wrote the script, too, which could possibly change the complexion of the comic book industry for all time to come! But don't let that discourage you—you can always just look at the pictures!

But hey, that's only half the excitement! Our whole blushin' Bullpen is turned on to Troma Films' wild and wacky world-famous movie idol, TOXIC AVENGER, the super hero who makes Spider-Man seem like a well-adjusted average guy! In fact, we dig it so much that we made a deal with Lovable Lyoyd Kaufman and the Magnanimous Michael Herz, The big-time movie producers who so unselfishly unleashed ol' Toxie on a defenseless public, a deal to publish his sensationally screwy adventures in our maniacal style!

Be forewarned! Toxie is not your usual hero! In fact, he's not your usual anything. But this you can count on—NIGHT CAT and THE TOXIC AVENGER may turn out to be the most unexpected hits of '91, and, thanks to my legendary generosity, you're the first to hear of them!

Now, till next ish, wherever you go, whatever you do, think Marvel! (Instead of cluttering your mind with non-essentials!)

Excelsior!

Stan

It was a rainy day in New York. The kind of day when you could get wet just by walking outside. The man on the corner was selling umbrellas for five dollars each. I could usually talk him down to three. When I got home, I would throw it on the pile with the 300 other umbrellas I've managed to leave at home every time it rains. It seems to rain a lot in New York. Perhaps it's God's way of trying to give the city an acid bath. Perhaps not. That's not for me to say. Me, I'm just another private eye. They call me *Dodge Deadline*. . . Comic Book Detective.

It was a slow day at the office: I was just about to seriously consider calling up that guy on TV who makes the pitch for Apex Technical School. Then he walked in — *Tom DeFalco*, head honcho over at Marvel Comics. He had a problem, and he needed my help. Last month's Bullpen Bulletins Page had disappeared before it had ever seen print. He wanted me to find it. I took the case. Tom took the six-pack.

I headed uptown to the offices of Marvel Comics. If I was going to learn anything about the missing Bullpen Page, this was the place to do it. My first stop was the office of PUNISHER editor *Don Daley*.

Don told me he was exhausted — he was still resting up from the New York Runners Club's Midnight Run. That's a run that's held every year, beginning at exactly twelve midnight on New Year's Day. Don also entered the New York Marathon last year for the first time. It seemed like he'd been doing a lot of running lately. Just what exactly was he running from, anyway? I listed Don as a suspect, and moved on.

I stopped by *Ralph Macchio's* office, and found Ralph's assistant, *Mike Heisler*, still missing after a mysterious three-month absence. Heisler allegedly is taking some time off to do some freelance lettering; something about owing a debt to his uncle. Funny, I didn't know Heisler's uncle was named "Sam". Another potential suspect.

I stopped in to see *Jim Salicrup*, but he was so deliriously happy, he couldn't even talk to me, *Dodge Deadline*. It seemed one of Jim's freelancers, *Fred Hembeck*, recently had a baby with his lovely wife *Lynn*. The child was born on August 25th, and named *Julie Elizabeth Moss Hembeck*. That's a lot of names for a little kid. In his present state, there was no talking to Salicrup, so I made a mental note to track him down later.

I noticed my mental pen was getting low on mental ink, so I made another mental note to stop by a mental store later and pick up some more.

I headed over to see *Craig Anderson*, Marvel's resident vidiot. Craig gave me the lowdown on the new Silver Surfer home video game from Nintendo, and the Spider-Man home game from Sega-Genesis. Craig added that the Spider-Man hand-held game from Gameboy is also a big, big hit. Craig talked about a potential Spider-Man arcade game, but he seemed to be dodging the real issue. Did Craig know something about the missing Bullpen Page—something he wasn't telling me, *Dodge Deadline*?

Craig threw me a few names—*Jim Starlin, George Perez*. I caught them. He said they were working on a project which just might blow the lid off this whole case. But Starlin and Perez were nowhere to be found. Apparently they'd gone into hiding to work on this hush-hush project. All I found about this mystery project was that it involved a dangerous customer by the name of Thanos. . .as well as almost everybody in the Marvel Universe. Clearly I was on to something big. . .but that wasn't the case I was working on. I'd have to come back to that some other day; I still hadn't found that Bullpen Page.

Assistant Editor *Chris Cooper* walked by me, *Dodge Deadline*, in the hall. I overheard him tell fellow assistant, *Len Kaminsky* he's never been mentioned in the Bullpen Page before. Len said that made two of them. Hmm—that gives them both motives, but very flimsy ones.

I started snooping around *Bob Budiansky's* office. But Bob wasn't talking. Neither was his assistant, *Tom Brevoort*. All I could get out of them was that they're doing a newsstand reprint of the four-issue DEATHLOK Limited Series, and working on the 1991 Marvel trading cards.

That was all well and good, but it didn't solve my case. I paid a visit to Epic Editor *Marcus McLaurin*, who was happy as a clambake about the fourth anniversary of the Comic Illustrators Guild at the Pratt School of Art and Design. It seems Marcus formed the club while in his senior year at the school, to pave the way for future generations of artists to get away with drawing comics in class.

He's one sharp cucumber, that Marcus, but no Bullpen Page-napper. Next I noticed his assistant, *Marie Javins*. Marie's wall is decorated with drawings of cows by some of the biggest names in comics. But Marie threatened to take down her Wall of Bountiful Bovines if she received no new submissions soon. Would Marie's wall come tumbling down? Unfortunately, I couldn't stick around to find out.

I could've pumped people at Marvel for answers all day, but I was cruising in the fast lane to nowhere. Everyone was a potential suspect. I decided I would switch tactics.

I charmed my way into Marvel's master computer file. If there was any trace left of the Bullpen Page, I knew I would find it here. I punched up the file, and there it was—the December Bullpen Page. It was just full of all kinds of incriminating evidence about the Marvel staff. If this thing ever saw print, it would destroy several careers, a couple marriages, and the noon trade at Slappy Sam's Eat 'n' Run. No wonder someone tried to suppress it. This thing was hotter than a jalapeno pepper in a sauna.

I decided to take the disc to DeFalco. If anyone knew I had this disc, I could start etching my own epitaph. Just then, I felt the cold steel of the barrel of a .45 press against the back of my neck. . .

IS THIS THE END OF DODGE DEADLINE? YOU WISH.

EEEE!

THANK YOU.

001.

HAD YOUR FUN, CREEPS?

NOW IT IS MY TURN TO PLAY.

MINUTES LATER...

CARL "TUSKS" ALLEN?

YOU WILL ANSWER MY QUESTIONS

SHOOT! I GOT AN ANSWER FOR YOU RIGHT HERE--

-AAAAH!

WAIT YOUR TURN.

THE MAN YOU KIDNAPPED THIS AFTERNOON. WHERE AS HE?

KISS MY--

WRONG ANSWER

AAAAAAAH!

KRASHK

AAAAAA!

UH--
UH--
NO, NO.
YOU--YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! YOU CAN'T KILL ME... YOU'RE THE LAW!
DIRECTIVE 3: UPHOLD THE LAW.
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? IN PURGATORY...
...THERE IS NO LAW!
OVERRIDE.
SOON...
WHAT THE--?
NOT A WORD, COP-- NOT A SINGLE WORD!
BOOK THESE CREEPS
CONTROL? I NEED A MEAT WAGON...
DETROIT POLICE
YOU DIDN'T FORGET, MURPHY!
I JUST HOPE WHATEVER YOU FIND IN THERE--

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WE CAN'T TELL, SIR--

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AIRBORNE! CAN YOU MAKE IT OUT?

AS THE SWEEPERS CLEAR OFF MILES OF SAND...

...YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE IT, SIR...

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